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NEW MEAT CHOPPER.

RAPID CLEAN

NO. 10, FAMILY SIZE, PRICE, $3.00.

CAPACITY.
No. 10 chops 1 lb. per minute, $3.00
" 22, " 2 lbs. " " 4.00
" 32, " 3 " " " 5.00
" 42, " 4 " " " 6.00
4 for Pork only, 10.00

Sausage Meat, Mince Meat, Suet, Hamburg Steak, Tripe, Codfish, Scrap Meat, Peppers, Spiced, Scrap Meat for Poultry, &c.

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The American Agriculturist Sept. Number says, "We have given this Meat Chopper a thorough trial, with most satisfactory results."

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Cloaks from $2.50 to $35. Ladies' " 37c to $9.
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GOODS & TRIMMINGS, DRY and FANCY GOODS of all kinds.
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e Stock of Brussels, Tapestry, Lowell Extra Super, and Cotton Wool Carpetings, Plain & Fancy Mattings, Rugs, Mats, &c.
WLER & HAMLEN, 4450 Augusta, Me.

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ACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUN
MILLIONS WE HEAR, AND TO THE PUBLIC TWO
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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
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GREAT MEDICAL WORK
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Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretions or excesses. A book for every man, young, middle aged, and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is unparalleled by any physician before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beveled French morocco, embossed, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work, in every respect, than any $3.00 medical work published, or any other work sold in this country for $2.00, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, post-paid. Illustrative sample free 6 cents. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Association, over all competitors of which he refers.
This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all.—London Lancet.
There is a number of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—Argonaut.
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No one should be Without Them.
They Regulate the Circulation of the ENTIRE BODY.
Prevent Cold Feet
and all troubles arising from imperfect circulation, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Chest, Sprains, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-seated. Thousands testify to speedy cures by the well-known Hop Plaster, compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts. It is the best porous plaster, healing, stimulating, soothing and strengthening Plaster ever made. Ask for the Hop Plaster stamp on the genuine. Price 25 cents or five for $1. Hop Plaster Co., Proprietors.
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Will force a heavy growth of hair on the face in six weeks. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address as above.

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

Vol. LII. Augusta, Maine, Thursday, November 29, 1883. No. 2.

The total exports of apples this season, thus far, amounts to 34,094 barrels, against 197,446, up to the same date last year.

The Trustees of the State Agricultural Society held a meeting at Lowiston, Thursday, Nov. 22, for the purpose of closing up the business of the society for the year.

Now it is reported a New Yorker claims a patent on washing butter with brine. Has any one a patent on eating oleomargarine? It's pretty hard work to eat it in the ordinary way.

Prof. J. W. Sanborn, well known to the readers of the *Farmer*, now of the Missouri Agricultural College, claims that he has proved through a long practice and many experiments, that corn fodder has a practical feeding value of two-thirds to three-quarters that of good hay.

Mr. Gladstone, not long since, said in effect that it required more skill and good judgment to manage a farm employing a given amount of capital than to manage a manufacturing or mercantile business with equal capital. He was referring to England, but the statement is not far from correct in America.

Farmers' Institutes have been appointed by the State Board of Agriculture, as follows: For Oxford county, at Canton, Tuesday, December 11, and at South Paris, under the auspices of the Oxford County Agricultural Society, Wednesday, Dec. 12. For Lincoln county, at Boothbay, Dec. 14. Full programmes will be given in our next issue.

Mr. Freeman Hayden, and sons, who live on a fine farm just out of the village of Presque Isle, raised this past season 4954 bushels of potatoes on twenty-five acres of land, and at a cost delivered to the starch factory, of six to eight cents per bushel, for the labor required. Their farm is a comparatively old one, having been taken up some forty years ago.

Columbus Hayford, Esq., of Maysville, had ten acres of burnt land in potatoes. After the crop had been harvested and taken to the factory, he found the crop had cancelled the entire cost of growing and harvesting and of taking the land from the forest to its present condition, and he had one hundred dollars remaining as net profits from the operation.

Good food and medical care, coupled with close attention to the quality of the stock brings its reward in sheep husbandry as with other kinds of stock. Mr. C. C. Hayden, Winslow, wintered last winter forty sheep. He has received $300 for wool and lambs sold and has forty-eight left in the flock. They were grade Shropshires. Then shouldn't any one suppose, though, that such a result should be credited to the blood? Care, with good stock to start with, did it. Pat, though.

A Ditching Machine was successfully tried the other day at Toledo, Ohio, in the presence of a large number of distinguished farmers and agricultural officials. A machine capable of excavating a tile trench with team power has long been sought for. It seems now to have been accomplished. At the trial it dug a ditch ten inches wide, forty rods long and three feet deep in two hours. With a machine of this kind as good work as trenching, the possibility of draining our heavy lands is brought within the reach of all.

Hon. Geo. F. Lord of Elgin, Ill., keeps 100 cows on 300 acres of land, and has not raised a pound of hay for years. The corn is sowed in drills or 3 1-2 feet apart, and about the time it blossoms it is cut with a self-raking reaper, cutting one row at a time, the machine throwing it off in ganels. When sufficiently wilted it is bound and set in large stocks and allowed to cure standing on the ground until winter sets in, when it is hauled to the barn. He secures a yield of about seven tons of cured fodder to the acre, worth as much as the best hay. He is one of the most successful dairymen in Illinois.

The Massachusetts Experiment Station has commenced a course of experiments in feeding swine. Careful records of the daily consumption of food, and the daily gain or loss of the pigs fed are to be kept. The excrements are to be carefully preserved and weighed at stated times. Notice will be omitted which would contribute to an exact knowledge of what is going on with the animals in hand. This is the kind of experimental work wanted, and it will be fully appreciated by the farming public. When actual results can be pointed out as facts proved, possibly some of our "opinions" will be set aside. We have worked our way among uncertainties long enough. Now let us have facts.

The Country Meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture will be held at Lowell, the 4th, 5th and 6th of December. Addresses, lectures, etc., will be by Prof. Salmon, Veterinarian to the United States Agricultural Department, on a professional topic; Elbridge Cushman of Lakeville on "Fertilization"; Richard Goodman, Jr., of Lenox on "Jersey Cattle;" John B. Moors of Concord on "Market Gardening;" John W. Pierce of West Millbury on "Experiments with Fertilizers;" Henry M. Smith of Worcester on "Farmers and Patents;" President J. C. Greenough of the Agricultural College on "The Place and Work of the College;" Prof. Stearns of Amherst on "Cranberry Culture." Dr. J. R. Nichols will give one of the evening lectures, and Secretary Russell the other.

A bulletin of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, contains the following: A wine quart of good milk should weigh about 2.15 pounds, or nearly 2 pounds 2¼ ounces. If milk is weighed, this rule will give the monthly yield in quarts more exactly than measuring. Those who have never tried keeping a record of the milk yield will find it a profitable, and perhaps a surprising experiment. One thousand pounds of average milk contains:

Casein	32 pounds.
Butter	35 pounds.
Milk Sugar	45 pounds.
Mineral Matter	7 pounds.

By setting milk in deep cans placed in cold water, the fat, or cream, can be removed before any decomposition occurs. When we reflect that in butter-making only fat is removed from the milk, it will appear reasonable that skim milk properly managed, should possess a high value for feeding purposes.

Though the fields may still be bare, yet it is better to keep the cattle comfortably housed in the barn. The practice still prevails with some farmers, of turning their cattle out early in the morning to roam at large through the day, and often till late at night, as long as the ground remains bare. There is very little for them to eat, and that little is frost bitten and of little value for cattle food. Neither are the cattle so comfortable when exposed to the sharp November winds. Farmers should remember that the effort to see how cheap, and with how little care cattle can be kept, is no longer to be commended. Rather should the effort be to see how much palatable and nutritious food we can get them to consume and digest, and how much care we can bestow upon them and get a profit from so doing. Frosted grass may bloat them up, but there is little nutrition in it, and steers, while looking full, will actually shrink in flesh upon it, and cows will shrink in milk. We have long made it a practice to shut cows from the pastures entirely the last of October, and have invariably found a liberal increase of milk when they were confined to the barn and fed on dry fodder rations. Calves especially need warm quarters at this season of the year If allowed to grow poor, as they surely will when left to run at large through wind, frost and storm, they will hardly get a thrifty start for the entire winter. Keep the hair sleek and bright by seasonable housing and generous feed, and they will keep up their growing every day through the winter months.

An Aroostook Butter Factory.

It may appear surprising that the honor of the first butter factory built and operated in Maine, belongs to that comparatively new and far away, but now somewhat celebrated locality, Aroostook county. Yet such is the fact. It would be supposed that those localities which have long made the business a specialty, would be the leaders in establishing the most advanced methods and practices known in the business. Yet this is not always the case. We are all more or less inclined to continue in the well known and well trodden paths where results, such as they are, may be confidently relied upon, rather than to strike out into the, to us, unknown and therefore uncertain methods and practices, though they may appear to promise something better.

To Mr. A. P. Bennett of Linneus, in the southern part of Aroostook county, belongs the credit of having established the first butter factory in the State, thoroughly equipped with all the modern appliances known to the business. This is a private butter factory, not a co-operative one. The only co-operation to be discovered about it, is the co-operation of the wife of the proprietor, a fine lady, who enters into all the plans with a genuine pride and appreciation.

Mr. Bennett is a self-made dairyman. He did not gain his appreciation of the business through association. There had been no marked examples round about him, or in the county even, for him to study, and from which to gain an appreciation, or even understanding of the business. Neither has he been outside the county to study either the business, or the example of others. He had been an attentive reader of some of the best agricultural journals of the day, and from them alone has he gained his appreciation of the business, and a knowledge of its requirements. With an intuition quite remarkable he seemed to comprehend at once the indispensible requirements in the business. As a result of this intuitive conception, he has been able to keep clear of false steps. Whatever he has done has been done right the first time. This cannot be said of all who have assayed to work in untried fields.

The first thing of course, was a good warm barn in which to stable his cows, and economy demanded that it should be convenient in its arrangement and well adapted to the purposes of a dairy barn. The result was the erection of one of the best arranged and most complete barns to be found in the State. It is one hundred and ten feet in length, by forty-eight in breadth, and twenty feet posted. It is double boarded throughout, and battened over the cracks. This secures warmth and durability without the great cost of a nice finish and expensive painting. One hundred twenty-five thousand feet of lumber was used in its erection. In it are stalls for fifty-six cattle and four horses. Those for the cows are each four feet in width, and arranged after the most approved manner, with trench for droppings ten inches deep, double windows for winter, and an arrangement for tieing the cattle, invented by himself, which admits of the greatest ease and freedom, whether feeding or lying down. At present he has thirty-five cows, a pair of horses, and twenty young cattle.

There is a cellar under the entire barn. We have examined most of the celebrated barns in the State, but nowhere else have we found a cellar so complete in all its arrangements as this. The granite wall on the two sides and one end is laid in cement in a most exact and finished manner A frost proof root cellar in the center of one end of the cellar, is built of the same material. The floor is cemented throughout, thus forming an absolutely water tight cellar under the whole barn.

A large number of pens for pigs are conveniently arranged in the space not needed for manure, and some forty or more thoroughbred White Chester pigs, of all sizes, are to be found at all times in the pens. No frost ever enters either the cellars or the stalls above. The accumulated liquid is drawn off into a tank mounted on wheels and taken to the fields where wanted.

Five years ago Mr. Bennett built a dairy house over a spring of water located at some distance from his buildings. In this house was arranged a full line of approved butter making apparatus, this being the specialty he had decided to pursue. The cream was raised in the Jewett pan, and the churning was done by horse power. After getting all in good working order it took fire and was burned down. A dairy house was then built near his dwelling with engine room, working room, and ice house all in the same building. In the engine room was placed a new two and a half horse power Baxter engine, costing $250. The working room is supplied with a Reid Creamer, a Reid Butter Worker, Stoddard churn and the I. X. L. Self Gauging Butter Print. The engine furnishes the power for churning, and the boiler heats the water for scalding the apparatus in use. One hundred pounds of butter is churned at a churning. Every thing about the rooms and apparatus is kept scrupulously clean and in good order. An intelligent lady who fully understands all the requirements is employed to have charge of this department, and well does she perform her part. The butter is pressed into one pound prints by the machine mentioned above. This is a useful appliance to the dairy room where butter is put up in prints. After being adjusted it accurately gauges every print to the desired weight. It is operated by a short lever, and so easily that any one can work it. The butter is all sold in Bangor. During the season of low prices, for two years, his butter has been packed in packages of his own invention, and in a manner originated by himself, and has been held till the higher prices of autumn, where it has gone on the market in superior condition, and has commanded a good price.

From the engine room an iron water pipe is laid to a spring of water twenty-seven rods distant and twenty-five feet below the level of the buildings. A pump is attached to the engine and the water is drawn from the spring to the engine and dairy room, thence thrown to the house; and from there pipes are laid to the barn, and just beneath the floorings, under every feeding manger in the barn. From this main pipe, branch pipes are projected upward through the floor into a small cast iron tank placed in each animals feeding box. These cast iron boxes are lined on the inside with cement to prevent rusting, and are supplied with a lid or cover to prevent getting filled with chaff. A waste pipe carries off any overflow, and empties the tanks if wanted. So every animal is supplied with spring water, pure and clean, when wanted. There is power enough to the engine to carry the churn and the pump at the same time. Twenty-two hundred dollars worth of butter was sold last year; this year the sales will exceed those of last year. Last year the average butter yield was two hundred pounds on the thirty-five cows kept. He has been raising the average each year.

Mr. Bennett's cows, and all his stock, are fed and cared for after the most approved methods now in practice by our best dairy men and stock feeders. As we were shown around among his cows and pigs, not a cow was disturbed by our presence, not a pig squealed, not a suckling ran at our approach. All the premises were in order, and all the animals clean. Cotton-seed meal and wheat bran are bought by the car-load and liberally fed. The rich manures from the stock so fed, supplemented by that from his large stock of pigs, and all saved in a water tight cellar, when applied to the already strong soils of Aroostook, give testimony in bountiful crops of wheat and other grains, potatoes and hay.

It would have been comparatively easy perhaps for a man with abundant means to have accomplished what Mr. Bennett has done. Mr. Bennett, however, began with small means, and for much of the time has had to carry heavy debts at high rates of interest, till his business relieved him of them. His example is a striking instance of what may be accomplished when a well defined purpose is kept in view, and is pursued with an energy that knows no faltering.

Farmers' Institute at Gorham.

Gorham is one of the best farming towns in the State. Favored with a naturally strong soil, and in a dry season, it is especially adapted to grass production. On these valuable farming lands is found a succession of wealthy farmers. Good farms, good buildings, and an appearance of prosperity characterize the town.

Gorham village is located near the centre of the town and is noted for its pleasant location, its pleasant streets, its succession of attractive residences, and especially for its dependable requirements in the business. As a result of this intuitive conception, he has been able to keep clear of false steps. Whatever he has done has been done right the first time. This cannot be said of all who have assayed to work in untried fields.

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growing sections of the State, since there they are all hardy enough.

In all kinds of fruit, whether in the grapery, garden, or orchard, the novelties had better be let alone. They are only a disappointment and a loss. We have only to go over the list of this class of fruits which have been so persistantly forced upon the attention of purchasers in the last ten years in proof of the correctness of the position taken. There is hardly an acquisition among them all, and today our long known standard varieties are still the most profitable. The Russian importations, nor our home "ironclads" possess any superior value save along our northern border—we can do vastly better than to plant them here.

The members of the Board and all other visitors received kindly attentions from the citizens of the town, for which thanks were expressed. An exchange of compliments closed a most successful Institute.

Examination of Fertilizers.

What next? The fertilizer manufacturers have been in convention, and have come out of it with an "organization." They claim the business of manufacturing fertilizers is badly hampered with unjust laws. Among their grievances are the "estimated values" of the state inspectors, and they propose to have them—the estimated values, not the inspectors, just yet, —abolished. They claim inspectors have exceeded their rights in reporting their examinations in the form of commercial money values. Let's see about that.

A commercial fertilizer is valuable for what it contains. The analysis shows how much of this valuable material has been found in a fertilizer. Now if an inspector chooses to show the public their comparison of values in the form of dollars and cents who is injured by it? Why not show this comparison in dollars and cents as well as in pounds and ounces? Is there any "injury" in the one case more than the other? Possibly the key to their objections is here:

Dollars and cents are a plainer and more intelligible standard of comparison with the common, everyday farmer than are percentages of nitrogen, soluble, insoluble and reverted phosphoric acid and potash. Hence the report is for the purpose of conveying to those who purchased them for application an intelligible comparison of the amounts of valuable material contained in the several brands examined. He certainly is justified in doing it in the plainest manner possible.

The farmers represent one side of the commercial fertilizer question, and they propose to continue to have something to say about their examination. They are disposed to purchase largely of them provided their use proves profitable. Up to the present time the margin of profit is too narrow to admit of many cheats being thrown into the account. That course which will give to purchasers an article worth its cost when measured by average commercial values named in dollars and cents will be acceptable to farmers, and in the long run will prove the best for the manufacturer. So let us keep the inspectors at work, and ask them to communicate to us the results of that work in the plainest manner possible.

Notes.

Our valued correspondent, J. W. Lang, writes us that he is getting well settled in his new home at Bowdoinham; has plowed all his stubble land and is now breaking up. Farmers never had a better autumn for doing their work.

The National Live Stock *Journal*, published at Chicago, is well named, as it has a circulation as wide as the nation. It is acknowledged authority on all stock matters, and has a large corps of editors and special correspondents, including a number of the best writers in America and England, with S. G. Brabrook as Secretary and Treasurer. The terms are $2.15 per year, post-paid.

Give cows an abundance of sweet grass and clean water, and access to salt, remarks a writer; see that the boys and dogs do not worry them; milk regularly with clean hands; keep milk in clean and sweet vessels, and in a cool, pure apartment; churn often; work the butter well with anything but the bare hands: use only the purest and best salt; pack in clean jars or tubs top of good hay, and cover with salt cloths, and the butter will be equal to prime Gilt-Edged Kennebec butter.

NEW LIMERICK, Nov. 22, 1883.

Editor Farmer: Please inform me through the columns of the *Farmer* which breed of hens are the most profitable to buy for winter layers? Which make the best layers for winter, early pullets or hens? And what is the best food for them providing they have a very warm pen?

H. H. DOWNS.

Will Dr. Twitchell, who is authority upon the subject, respond?

Land that is intended for onions is much better if ploughed in the fall. The close application of manure in the spring is likely to heat and wilt the onions in a drouth.

It is unhealthy to have roots stored in the house cellar. There is always more or less heating and decay, producing bad odors. Have a root cellar built under the barn.

BRUNSWICK, Nov. 21, 1883.

Mr. Editor: Will you be kind enough to inform me through your columns, how I can obtain an accurate knowledge of surveying, costing as little as possible, and oblige. A SUBSCRIBER'S SON.

There is no better place to obtain the knowledge sought for, than at the Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts at Orono. Students in the civil engineering department of that institution are often called to important positions and lucrative jobs, even before the expiration of their term of study. We advise our friend to apply at once to President Fernald.

In his home, last week, concerning A. L. Haines, one of the successful farmers at Fort Fairfield, our correspondent omitted to say that he made the past season 13 tons of cheese in his factory.

Grass Food for Swine.

Prof. S. R. Thompson, of the the Nebraska Agricultural College, speaks from experience on pork growing. In the *American Agriculturalist for October*.

Green food makes thriftier and larger hogs. Farmers who raise many pigs, and feed them exclusively on corn, know that some of the shotes will cease to grow at an early age, begin to lay on fat, and never reach the size of good, merchantable hogs. This tendency to fatten prematurely, at the expense of bone growth, is not seen to any great extent in grass fed hogs. A pig fed on bulky green food will develope a larger stomach than one fed on concentrated food like corn; and when you come to fatten it, this enlarged capacity will enable him to eat and digest more corn, and thus fatten faster than the other, and be a more profitable hog to grow for market.

Grass-fed hogs are healthier than those grain-fed. Every intelligent breeder knows the advantage of feeding green food to sows about to farrow. They have less difficulty with their pigs, are less liable to destroy them, will give more milk, and nurse them better. Grass-fed hogs are less liable to disease. The dressed hog cholera is not much to be feared where hogs have the run of a good clover pasture.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Orcharding—No. 1.

My father was a nurseryman. Working in the nursery in my boyhood, I imbibed a relish for it, and for fruit-growing. And later, when canvassing different sections of our State for the *Maine Farmer*, a paper of so much importance to our agricultural interests, it was my habit to notice fruit trees, as I passed along;—their general appearance, management, shape, productiveness, and the soil in which they grew. frequently interviewing owners and exchanging ideas. A portion of my early time having been thus spent, and not having worked for the past twenty-five years, I am now more deficient in experimental knowledge than many of my readers, and if I should have any success with their's, I wish them to pick me up on the subject, and give others the benefit of their experience. my only object being to throw out ideas, which, perchance, may be useful to some.

At this time, I propose only to discuss the subject of seeds and seeding, and will help on it. Shall we obtain our apple seeds at the cider mill, from the worst apples that grow, or select them from the choice ones that we have in our cellars? In other words, has the native stock, however good or bad its fruit, anything to do with the quality of the fruit from scions grafted on it. Is a thrifty stock, on the same kind of soil, and under the same cultivation, trees of the same variety will be found, on which the fruit of one is quite inferior in size and quality to those on the other? Let the seedlings shoot up side by side, having equal chances, and have one, a small crabbed apple, called "sour enough to make a jug holler," and the other a large, handsome apple, one which, both the eyes and palate love to feast, graft both with scions from the same tree, and will the fruit from these scions be in all respects equal? I leave the answer for others. My prejudices would lie in favor of seeds from large, choice varieties, even for stalks to graft upon. Good, healthy seedlings from healthy trees and of the variety desired, set them on good soil, and give them proper care. And I know not why the results will not be satisfactory, and as this is the season for it, let me advise every farmer who has not a sufficient amount of orcharding, from 60 to over 100 rods—to set the last of 15, or larger, to commence saving seeds from choice apples, put them in a small box of earth in the cellar, if too late to plant this fall, keep moist, warm, and protected from mice, and in my next I will suggest the manner of planting, and the after care.

The old man so doing, may do it as a pleasurable employment in the winter. Attention to raising fruit, more especially winter apples, is awakened. On Bowdoinham Ridge is a cheese factory, doing a fair business, and had a "creamery" before it. we believe. Agitation has begun in reference to the establishment of a creamery or butter factory. There seems to be a good deal of life. We have considerable good Jersey stock.

The Sagadahoc Fertilizer Company, (formerly J. M. Kendall) make a superior grade of high grade of bone, potash, and also a special grass fertilizer. Their make the coming year will reach probably one thousand tons or more; it is mostly sold at present, to Board men, on long time rounding towns, a fact that in itself speaks very much in favor of the honesty of the goods and their efficacy. A new and larger feed and grist mill is to be at once erected near the R. R. station, and driven by the immense tide power wheel in the Cathance river near the bridge. A large steam mill is also to be built. Lots of logs are weekly. There are smaller industries in the village and various parts of the town, that add variety and convenience to prosperousness.

A new Grange has recently been organized here, called "Merry-meeting Grange, No. 258," named after the beautiful bay, where Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers mingle their waters in merry-meeting. Twenty-three charter members and weekly accessions, will soon make it a good, strong, and useful Grange. There is plenty of material and field. This makes five Granges in the county, located at West Bath, Woolwich, Topsham, Bowdoinham and Richmond. Only one has failed, and in the six remaining towns, until each town has at least one good Grange.

Sadahoc county is naturally one of the best counties of the State for farming and diversified farming. Bowdoinham is one of the naturally good towns. It has been developed up to or above the average, but there is room for a good deal beyond present attainment. The spirit of progress is abroad; the germs of improvement are springing up their healthy growth, and we have confidently a good deal more to be done in the next ten years. J. W. L.

For the Maine Farmer.

Good-Bye to Hancock County.

As I am about to leave the county of Hancock after being here nearly three months, I have learned to love the people, having been treated with Christian courtesy and kindness. People have paid cheerfully and say "we like the *Maine Farmer* and have taken it for thirty or forty years and do not wish to do without it." Beside this there has been added in my list over 100 new names, freely and cheerfully, some without asking, wished me to send them the *Maine Farmer*; others say "we have so many papers coming, just send it to us and as soon as we can we will send in our names, and when you come again, call and we will subscribe,"—and a good, responsible class who do all they say they will. The farmers, judges of our courts, counsellors, those that have been members of our Legislature, selectmen and some of our best farmers, and successful men of the best minds speak in the highest terms of the *Maine Farmer* as a credit to the State of Maine; and I am glad to say that it is generally approved. Its religious and political course is just the great mass of people, especially the young, has been so great that I could wish that it might be in every family. Some good mothers have had it come in the name and for their children, and what better investment for them, as an educational source? Some subscribers say they have taken the *Farmer* ever since they were 14 years of age, and not one of them have I seen but have appeared as substantial men of the town.

I came into Hancock county with reluctance, thinking it the "jumping off place," but the proprietors of the paper were determined I should go, and I will say that I am to-day for sending me here, as the good Lord has blessed me in my work. I ought to stay here much longer, but hope to come again. I would be glad to speak personally and more generally of matters here, but time and space will not admit, but I may hereafter, upon the subject of bees, fruit trees, grain and some other things, having had an experience in these matters myself. Very Respectfully Yours,

Eastbrook. J. H. PRATT.

For the Maine Farmer.

Among the Prosperous Farmers.

E. O. Collins of Bridgewater, a young enterprising farmer, is doing finely. His farm consists of 160 acres. He put this year 80 tons of hay, and raised 800 bushels of oats, 50 bushels of wheat, and 800 bushels of potatoes. He keeps 20 head of cattle, mostly grade Holstein, 50 sheep, high grade Cotswold, 6 horses and 6 hogs. He has a calf, half Dutch and half Durham, spotted red and white, that girths 4 ft. and 5 in.; is tall and rangey. He wants a mate for him, if any reader of the *Farmer* has one like him.

L. L. Bean of Monticello, has a farm of 270 acres—100 acres cleared; cuts this year 40 tons of hay; raised 100 bushels of wheat, 400 bushels of oats, 250 bushels of buckwheat, 75 bushels of corn, 1,000 bushels of potato

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.—November 29, 1883.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Nov. 29, 1883.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$3.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞If a subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞Postage Free to all Subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Franklin County during December.

J. W. KELLOGG will call upon our subscribers in Aroostook County during December.

E. H. GARDNER of Hampden Corner, will call upon our subscribers in Penobscot County, during December.

The Eastport *Sentinel* has reached the age of three-score and six. It is undimmed by age, and has all the brightness of its earlier years.

Some stars are so far away that their light, moving with a velocity of 192,000 miles per second, requires 50,000 years to reach our eyes.

Prof. M. C. Fernald, President of the State College, is about to publish a list of all the students who have ever attended that institution, with their residence and occupation.

Will Russell Howard, of Belfast, a graduate in 1882 of the State College, has been appointed instructor in mathematics and military tactics in the Academy of North Granville, N. Y.

All of the sleigh manufacturers are making new sleighs in the old-fashioned high backed shapes in square and round corners, elegantly upholstered. They have all long been comfortable. They are now to be made elegant as well.

We are thankful to our friends for their kindly notices of the *Farmer*, as it pushes forward on the second half of a century. We hear but one verdict—that the paper has been very greatly improved, and is now complete in all its departments.

As you gather about the festive board today, well laden with fat turkey or well stuffed goose, while the savory smell ascends and gratifies the nostrils, and the story and the joke and the merry laugh go round, remember in a substantial manner the poor, whose boards are bare and whose hearthstones are fireless and comfortless.

Capt. Maxfield has had the Waterville *Sentinel* but a few months, but during that time he has managed to enlarge it twice, the last time making a very happy change in returning to a folio form. The Captain has got his feet placed, has staying qualities about him, gives the people of Waterville a paper of which they need not be ashamed, and under these conditions success is assured.

The past season 2,400,000 eggs of sea salmon were taken at the Orland Works which have recently been described in these columns. Maine's subscription to these works was $1,000, and its share of the eggs was 673,000. At the Grand Lake Stream hatchery 1,000,000 eggs of land locked salmon were hatched. Maine's subscription to these works was $500, and its share of eggs 120,500.

Mr. Asa Warren of Bangor, is an obstructionist to civilization, in that he turns out every year a vast amount of spruce gum, going all over the country and giving employment to thousands of pairs of jaws. We shall never forget Gov. Garcelon's eloquent spruce gum and snuff speech, in which he showed the enormous sins of gum chewing and snuff dipping. Between the two sins, we shouldn't know which to chews.

The new Mt. Kineo House at Moosehead Lake, will be completed and opened to the public in season for the summer travel of 1884. The present popular proprietor, Capt. O. A. Dennen, will retain the management. Its hundred and fifty rooms are all sightly, well lighted and good sized, and the outlook from the upper windows of the tower is unsurpassed. All of the appointments will be of a very best; and the dining room will have a capacity for 300 persons.

A suit has been brought against Gen. B. F. Butler, by Gen. Thomas A. Franklin, President of the National Home for Disabled Soldiers, by the direction of the managing board, to recover $15,000 furnished from the general treasury to the manager of the board at Togus, Maine, while Gov. Butler was President and Treasurer of the National Home, and was repaid by the Togus branch to Gov. Butler. It is claimed he did not pay this money into the Treasury and has refused the demands made by the managers for the money. Gen. Butler's reply to the charge is, that if it can be shown that he is indebted to the Home in any amount he will at once make it good.

Senator Anthony is the only Senator in service now who answered to his name at the roll call on March 4, 1861, when the Southern members resigned. Of the eight men who took the oath of office as Senator in 1859, Senators Anthony and Saulsbury, are still "in harness;" Judah P. Benjamin was lately practicing before the English bar; Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Daniel Clark of New Hampshire, Senator Yulee and Jefferson Davis are resting quietly in private life; Thomas Clingman, of North Carolina, anticipates a fortune from electrical inventions; Lyman Trumbull is still practicing law; Hannibal Hamlin is yet vigorous in his advanced years; and Harlan, of Iowa, is residing in that State.

The *Bangor Daily Whig and Courier* has clothed itself in new type from head to foot, from editorial to advertisements, is worked on a new and fast power press, and appears on our table as bright and blooming as a May morning. The *Whig* is one of the papers that we always open first and read the most thoroughly. It is the only morning daily in the eastern section of the State, and with its weekly has done much towards the material and moral prosperity of that section. Eastern Maine has been opened up wonderfully within a few years. On its daily morning missions, it reaches all important points in its field of circulation many hours before any other daily. Capt. Chas. A. Boutelle, so long its editor, continues at the helm—the sharpest, most fearless, and one of the ablest political writers in New England. His management of the paper has given it a character and influence outside of its local field and beyond the State. He has efficient assistance in Mr. E. P. Boutelle, assistant editor, Mr. Blanding, city editor, and an able corps of correspondents.

Mr. Tarbox, the Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, has revoked the license of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Maine to do business in Massachusetts. He gives as the ground of his action that the company has refused to permit him to make an examination of its affairs. The Company replies that an examination was being made by the Maine Commissioner, Mr. Oramandel Smith, and at its close every facility would be afforded Mr. Tarbox to pursue his examination. The President of the company has published a card declaring the company sound, and perfectly able to meet all its responsibilities and obligations. This company was organized in Augusta, and its offices are now in Portland. Its Maine directors are John E. Dewitt, its President, Bank Examiner Richards, Judge Bonney, Josiah H. Drummond, Thomas A. Foster, Henry L. Paine and Marquis F. King. Most of these gentlemen are widely known in this State, and the public will be very slow to give credit to any such imputation upon the motives of their conduct, as Commissioner Tarbox has given utterance to. Whatever his intention, he has taken just the course to drive the company out of Massachusetts, and to unsettle public confidence in its stability. His course seems without justification, and is universally condemned.

Against Common Sense.

The strike of the journeymen printers in the office of the Boston *Post*, and in other printing offices in that city and in New York, is so thoroughly outrageous and against common sense as to merit the condemnation of every fair-minded man. Belonging to an organization which has become arbitrary and dictatorial in the extreme—the Printers' Union—the members have come to the publishers of newspapers, and not only dictated the amount of wages paid, but as to who shall be employed. They came to the managers of the Boston *Post*, and demanded that there should be an increase in the wages paid, and that no work should be done any way until the discharge of the present foreman. No wonder the *Post* resisted such a proposition, and says it proposes to manage its own business against the demands of the typographical union, if it can't get out but one edition a week, and half a sheet in an edition. It adds: "The typographical union is trying its strength. Elated with its success at New York, it is playing its game elsewhere. It boasts that it has money to see the movement through. It has not money enough in all its rakings from Maine to California to capture the *Post* at this time, and we trust this little statement will not escape its recollection. When we cannot publish a newspaper without putting ourselves into the hands of this impudent, tyrannical and conscienceless organization, we will drop journalism and go into politics." These are manly words and voice the sentiments of all who believe in fair play against a one-sided, dictatorial organization. Instead of being friendly to the true interests of labor, the Union has been in the most of its record its worst enemy, having disturbed the friendly and cordial relations that should ever exist between the employer and the employed. In its inauguration and carrying forward of foolish strikes, by its system of assessments it has compelled a few industrious and hard-working journeymen printers to contribute of their hard-earnings for the support of miserable loafers and suckers. We notice also as another outrage, that the Daily *Post* of Washington, D. C., was roundly "boycotted" by the Columbia Typographical Union on account of its refusal to discharge a foreman and certain men who were obnoxious to the latter as well, as on account of its alleged hostility to the working classes. Since that time a determined effort has been made through the trades' unions of the city to break down as far as possible the *Post's* circulation.

We assert the broad and general principle that no man or body of men have a right to dictate to any other man or body of men, whom they shall employ or what wages they shall pay. Otherwise no one would be bold enough to invest in business enterprises that might suddenly be blasted at the whim or caprice of any star chamber union that might be gotten up. Such a state of things would exist as to render the carrying forward of legitimate business simply an impossibility. In that emergency who would suffer the most, we wonder, the man of capital, or the man whose only capital lies in his hands and brain? These fellows are the worst enemies of themselves, and if their action affected themselves merely, it might not be so deplorable; but it does not end there. But this spirit is at the bottom of strikes that often culminate in violence and bloody revolutions.

This revives the old contest between capital and labor, and the man who can see the eggs was 673,000, etc. At the Grand Lake Stream hatchery 1,000,000 eggs of land locked salmon were hatched. Maine's subscription to these works was $500, and its share of eggs 120,500.

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Two Kennebec Horses.

"Seems to me they're making a terrible piece of work about their feasts of modern times," said our old friend Hiram Reed of this city, in an interview the other day; "we used to sell you about two old-time trotters, two horses that originated here in the valley of the Kennebec." We were fully aware that Mr. Reed is undisputed authority on all horse matters, and of course gladly listened. He said that there had been an unusual amount of talk about fast trotters, the past season. Some fifty-five years ago, Mr. Benj. Hodges of Hallowell, owned a beautiful sorrell horse, 16 hands high, weighing 1100 pounds; was called in that day a trotter; was sold to a Boston man, Mechum, who took him to Boston, and matched him against time, to trot on Chelsea beach—there were no trotting parks or tracks in those days. He matched him in three minutes against time. The test came, and he beat the time, trotting inside of the three minutes. Mr. Reed says he was the first horse in the United States that ever trotted inside of three minutes. The name of this horse was Lyon; was sired by the old original Messenger that Mr. Hodges brought from New York to Winthrop. He was there for service some four or five years, and two years at Heywood's Corner, Albion. He brought him back to Winthrop, and sold him to Miller Shaw of that town, who kept him for stock purposes some two years, and then sold him to John M. Rustis, Esq., of Litchfield, who stood him some three years. He put him on an island in the Androscoggin river late in the fall; the animal got uneasy, swam ashore, jumped over a fence, and broke his ankle. Mr. Eustis splintered it up, put the horse in a pen, and used him for stock purposes for some time. He then sold him to parties in Anson, and there he died. Mr. Reed does not know what became of Lyon. It was a beautiful horse, clean-headed, deep-shouldered, and lank behind, built for a trotter.

The other horse to which we have referred, Mr. Reed remembers some forty-nine years ago, was a little bay horse called Pelham, owned by Mr. Elwell of Gardiner, which was originally a pacer. Mr. Elwell shifted him into a trotter, and sold him to New York parties. He trotted there, and was the first horse in the United States that ever trotted inside of thirty. Mr. Reed does not remember the sire of this little horse, but thinks it was a Canadian horse. So from these facts, that Mr. Reed can vouch for, Kennebec has a prominent part in the early history of trotting horses.

The Indian Corn Crop.

The November report of the Department of Agriculture gives the total yield of the Indian corn crop this year as approximately 1,577,000,000 bushels. If this estimate is correct the product of this year falls about 40,000,000 bushels short of the crop of 1882, notwithstanding a large increase of acreage. This is the third crop "in succession," we are told, "below an average, following six successive crops above an average yield, or twenty-six bushels per acre," and the quality of the crop in the frosted belt is said to be very poor. This report is not flattering, but it will be well if the present deficiency of the corn harvest turns out to be no greater than the deficiency estimates in the Chicago correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* evidently fears that the crop is generally overestimated, and states that "Iowa has not enough corn for home consumption," while Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan are virtually in the same predicament.

Though it is not likely that there will be any scarcity of corn in the country before the crop of 1884 is secured, the fact that for three successive years this most important of all our cereal crops should have been cut short by untimely Northwestern frosts emphasizes the expediency of extending its cultivation south of the thirty-eighth parallel. Unless the spring opens early in the Northwest and Indian corn can get a good start so as to mature before the middle of September, it is always liable to injurious frosts. The great stream of tropical vapor traversing the United States in summer (under which alone can be found the temperature and rainfall necessary for the perfection of this tropical plant) is projected from the Gulf coast, and after reaching the Missouri and Ohio valleys is deflected eastwardly to the west end of Lake Erie. Within the area overspread by this "vapor plane," and a small rain belt southwest of Lake Michigan, we must look hereafter for our chief supply of corn. Next year especially it is to be greatly desired that the acreage of corn within this area should be largely increased.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE. The President is busy with his annual message. He spends as much of his time as possible at the quiet Soldiers' Home, and the document is gradually taking shape. It will be about the usual length.

The most important measure that it will discuss will be questions growing out of the condition of the national finances. No session ever before found such embarrassment when so deposited shall not be opened until it is given to the person entitled to receive it, or until it is disposed of in the manner provided. During the lifetime of the testator such will will be delivered only to the maker, or in accordance with his order in writing, duly approved by the clerk of the probate office; and after the death of the testator it shall be delivered to the person named in the indorsement, if such individual demands it. If no will is now called for by the person, if any is named in the indorsement, it shall be publicly opened at the first Probate Court held after notice of the testator's death, and shall be retained in the Registry until it is so opened.

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For the Maine Farmer.

Report of the Corn and Wheat Crop for 1883.

CORN.

The telegraphic summary of the 10th of September in relation to the injury of the corn crop by early frosts, is fully sustained by the Department Report for October. There were slight frosts later; on the 16th it was quite noticeable in the northwest. The greatest injury was in the States of Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio and New York. Also severe loss is felt in Minnesota and Dakota. Slight damage is reported in some portions of Pennsylvania and West Virginia; and very slight damage in the most northern counties of Illinois and Indiana. Scarcely any in Nebraska, and none in Kansas.

The State averages, fall in Michigan, from 60 to 47; in Wisconsin, from 76 to 50; in Ohio, from 82 to 63; in New York, from 77 to 57. The reduction in Illinois is seven points; and in Indiana, five points.

The general average of the United States is 78; this being five points below the average of last year (1882), and is twenty-one points below the average of the census year. But we may comfort ourselves with the fact, that the area is increased 4 per cent.; which will a little more than make good the entire loss to the United States.

WHEAT.

The returns in relation to the wheat crop indicate a reduction of about 2½ bushels per acre less than the crop of 1882. In Ohio, the yield per acre is very low, as the average for the whole State is but 9½ bushels per acre; and in Indiana but little above 10. In Michigan, a little above 12. Missouri 12; Minnesota, Iowa, and California, 13; Nebraska and Dakota, 16, and Kansas about 17. The general average for the United States is but little above 13 bushels per acre, and the whole crop of the United States will be about 420,000,000 of bushels.

The quality is not up to an average, being tabulated at 91. Among the principal States from which our supplies come, show the lowest averages as to quality. The quality of winter wheat stands lowest in Indiana 82; Ohio, 84; Illinois, 85; Illinois, 88; Kentucky, 90. In the principal spring wheat States the quality ranges higher. Nebraska and Dakota, 101; Iowa, 98; Minnesota, 96; Wisconsin, 91. The quality in New York is reported low, but in Pennsylvania and all of the Eastern States the quality is high.

Chief Statistical Reporter for Kennebec Co.

For the Maine Farmer.

PENOBSCOT COUNTY GRANGE met with North Star Grange, Dixmont, Saturday, Nov. 24, and opened with the Worthy Master in the chair. As the weather looked like rain, but few were present at the opening of the Grange. An address of welcome was delivered by sister D. Upton and responded to by Sister E. A. Leathers of Golden Harvest Grange, Carmel. Nine Granges were represented by members present, and reported a prosperous condition. At noon a recess was taken for refreshments, which lacked the usual baked beans, but was enjoyed by all in a good social time. After recess, the fifth degree was conferred on quite a number of members. Sister Smith then entertained us with a song. The question, Resolved: "That it is detrimental to the best interests of the farmer to sell hay to meet the current expenses of the year," was discussed pro and con by the brothers and sisters. A vote of thanks was extended North Star Grange for the pleasant manner in which they had entertained the County Grange, and then closed to meet with Golden Rule Grange, North Newburg, Dec. 29, 1883, at 10 o'clock, A. M., true to agricultural standard. It is hoped that a good delegation from each Grange in the county will be present.

L.

For the Maine Farmer.

ENTERTAINMENT IN CAMP. The State of Maine Spool Company gave their first entertainment Saturday night, Nov. 24th, at one of their large camps at No. 1 plantation, where they are making preparations to erect a large spool mill, 4 miles from Lowell village, and 6 from Dixmont on the mail route. I have not ascertained the names of the officers of the company, but Boston and Portland parties are interested. As I rode to the estate, I saw a whole army of men at work, cutting an piling up the trees and brush, clearing the land, while the bright and glorious sun lit up the brush piles into a cheerful aspect to the surrounding scenery. Here were three large camps, but I only entered the dining camp and the sleeping camp, and was much pleased and orderly manner in which they performed their work, and as the men came filing in, seating themselves at the long tables, loaded down with the nice things they sat so thick and were so still, I could almost imagine myself in church; not a profane or vulgar word marred the stillness. I was told that the average attendance with camp life. It was at this camp the entertainment was given, and oyster supper and dance; the parties present numbering about eighty.

S. East Lowell.

CARE OF WILLS. Often much trouble is caused by parties making wills and misplacing them. It may not be generally known that in Maine a will may be deposited by the maker, or by any person for him, in the Registry of Probate in the county where the maker lives, to be safely kept until delivered or disposed of as the law limits. Such will, on the decease of the person being paid the fee of one dollar therefor, shall receive and keep such instrument and give a certificate of the deposit thereof, which shall be kept safely with all wills thus deposited. Each will so placed shall be in a sealed wrapper, with an indersement thereon of the name and residence of the testator and of the day when and of the person by whom it is deposited. The cover may also have noted upon it the name of the person to whom the will is to be delivered in the case of the death of the testator. No will so deposited shall not be opened until it is given to the person entitled to receive it, or until it is disposed of in the manner provided. During the lifetime of the testator such will will be delivered only to the maker, or in accordance with his order in writing, duly approved by the clerk of the probate office; and after the death of the testator it shall be delivered to the person named in the indorsement, if such individual demands it. If no will is now called for by the person, if any is named in the indorsement, it shall be publicly opened at the first Probate Court held after notice of the testator's death, and shall be retained in the Registry until it is so opened.

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For the Maine Farmer.

Europe Revisited—No. 2.

OUR SEA VOYAGE.

Before we had steamed two days from New York, we got out of the heated atmosphere we experienced in that city. Clouds and frequent rains prevailed, and a steady east wind did what it could to lengthen our passage. We had about 80 saloon passengers. The majority of them I judged to be Scotch returning home, or Scotch and English born going to revisit their native land. A few were Yankees and a few Canadians. Some were pleasant people, ready to converse. Some young men were given to beer and wine drinking, but this was exceptional. One day two or three of them came to the table intoxicated and quarrelsome. After this, the captain limited their supplies. Life on an ocean steamer is a little monotonous, especially in dull weather. The passengers sit and read or doze the most of the day, either in the saloon or in the saloon deck. Many write letters or journals in the saloons between meal times, but this is not so easy when the steamer rocks and rolls every moment. We had breakfast at 8, luncheon at 1, dinner at 5, and tea (if any one liked) at 8 in the evening. The fare was profuse rather than choice. Oat meal porridge is a favorite dish at sea, after sea-sickness is over. This begins the morning meal, and is followed by cold beef and ham, bread and butter, tomatoes, tea and coffee, &c. At lunch, cold beef and ham, or tongue, with bread and butter. At dinner, roast beef, corned beef, and sometimes canned meats, followed by pudding on and on.

I laid in a stock of books for the voyage, consisting of brief biographies, histories and scientific works, but the length of the passage compelled me to resort to that line. On the Sabbath, religious services were held, with singing, prayer, and a brief and very apt discourse by Rev. Mr. Calhoun of Cleveland, Ohio. Most of the passengers attended, including a dozen or so from the steerage, and all seemed interested. One young man on board was sick with consumption, and one evening in the musical part of the passengers gave a concert for his benefit, netting about $20. The usual contribution was also taken up for the Scotch Life-saving Service. There were four or five children on board, and it was interesting to notice how merry and happy they were.

On July 16th, we had a fine view of an English ship of the first class, full rigged, all sails set, several miles south of our steamer, sailing towards the west. She was in sight a number of hours, and excited much interest. She sat lightly on the water, as though in ballast, and according to the signals she was bound to Australia. She "walked the water like a thing of life." This was the only sunny day we experienced, and in the afternoon the wind changed, and the next morning it was cold and wet.

THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

July 20th—Although damp, it was not foggy. Before breakfast, we obtained a glimpse of the west coast of Ireland, for a diminutive speck, distant, low lying, misty and scarcely discernible. One has to be ten or twelve days tossed on the ocean, with nothing to look at but waves and threatening skies, day succeeding day each just like its predecessor, in order to realize the delight and enthusiasm excited by coming in view of land. By 11 o'clock, the coast was in full sight, about 20 or 30 miles distant. Our course was northeasterly, along the northwest coast, drawing gradually nearer. This coast is bold, broken and mountainous. The scenery is wild and picturesque, and constantly changing in aspect. Several of the mountain peaks are quite lofty, particularly one in the shape of a sugar loaf. There were some cliffs and rocks, but very many sandy, rocky, and intervening valleys that looked verdant and charming, with here and there a white lighthouse. The boat steamed inside of Tory Island, and in the afternoon we rounded Malin Head, the most northerly point of Ireland, and entered, before dark, the estuary called

LOUGH FOYLE.

Lough is the Irish name for a lake, as Loch is the Scotch name. Yet the seaward part of Lough Foyle is rather an arm of the sea than a lake. The river Foyle rises in the mountains of Ireland, flows past Londonderry, expands into a body of water 9 miles wide, and 18 long, and empties into the ocean north of Moville. The landscape on either side of Lough Foyle is beautiful. Moville is a pretty village, growing into a summer resort for fashionable people, who wish to avoid the midsummer heat. It is called home, however, everything came right in time. The rain continued through the forenoon, but the sun came out afterwards, and in a little time the sidewalks, pavements and streets nearly as dry as though it had not rained. The streets in Glasgow are carefully looked after, and kept neat and clean.

Glasgow is situated on the second city in the united kingdom, Liverpool being the third. Glasgow has about 650,000 inhabitants, Liverpool nearly 100,000 less. Which contains the most people, I am not able to say, probably Liverpool, although Glasgow is very rich. The name signifies "dark glen," referring to a ravine which was found there in the early years. Glasgow is a very handsome city, has wide streets, tall stone buildings, and many elegant public and private edifices. The stone of which it is built is white when freestone, and is often polished. The squares, places, terraces and crescents of the West End, are rarely excelled anywhere. Many of the dwellings have miniature lawns, ornamented with trees, and gay with flowers. There are about 300 churches, of which about 100 are Presbyterian, but of four different divisions. The other third are divided amongst various sects. It has four public parks, and also a botanical garden of 21 acres. To enumerate the various public buildings would occupy too much space. The new university buildings are spacious and magnificent, and stand on elevated ground, commanding a fine general view, and with one of the parks very near, on the opposite side of the little river Kelvin. The style of architecture is what is called Grecian Gothic. The Royal Exchange, in Queen street, is another splendid building. Glasgow is one of the great centres of the sugar, cotton and iron trade. In ship-building and machine-making, Glasgow stands unrivalled. "Clyde-built" vessels are famous the world over. Here and at Liverpool, some of the confederate cruisers were constructed. Ship-building for the last ten years has been less prosperous.

H. K. B.

COMFORTABLY WELL OFF. The Washington *Capital* says: William H. Vanderbilt owns $47,050,000 in United States 4 per cent. bonds, a draft for the interest on which is mailed to him quarterly from the treasury department. The interest on those bonds amounts as follows:

Per annum, $1,882,000.
Per quarter, $470,500.
Per month, $156,833.33 1-3.
Per day, $5,156.16.
Per hour, $214.84.
Per minute, $3.58.
Per second, .05 29-60.

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e County News.

t Gardiner, has filed his

art of Belgrade, while fell , broke his leg by a tree

eath has arrived home m the West, and Dr. expected the first of next

ower of the Kennebec at fficient to drive 400,000 ood Co. at present have

of Mrs. Alanson Perry of ed Wednesday forenoon. e, of which she was enerally attended the ser-

& Co., the apple men of shipped a few hundred time. The crop proves r than was expected earlier

ton and Owen, have just C. Hunt of Augusta,s one at pianos, and placed it in l, Hallowell, for the bene-

rink.

Belle Hawes a graduate of Ohio, and daughter of Rev. Litchfield, has accepted a loo University, Tougaloo, has gone as teacher of

right, a highly respected ernon, died recently while hair, in apparently usual me at West Mt. Vernon. ago he gave up work that town, where he has

Mr. Chas. Strickland, bag- the Hallowell station of the ailroad, was shackling cars hat place, his right hand he shackling apparatus and ed. It is hoped that the ed.

the greatest onion town in t in the State. Two thou- these odiferous vegetables old in the town. Two far- as many as 400 bushels r. Onion raising is not so nerly, and several farmers the business.

M. Hatten of Litchfield, re accident last week. He he man who were laying a putting in underpinning for l wall gave way, throwing a large underpinning stone crushing his left cheek bone

the Jake.

of Colby University for ed. The institution is at- ent, by twenty-six Seniors, rs, thirty-nine Sophomores Freshmen. Total number ne hundred and seventeen. en to show that the expen- fit at Colby need not exceed

rk, the enterprising hay deal- probably handles more hay ny other dealer in Kennebec presses in full blast which o shape for shipping forty- per day. He is paying $9 per ton at the cars; it is rather hay shippers, as prices at barkets are very low.

Randall of Vassalboro', met accident, Saturday. While s woods, his ax he caught in a, causing it to glance and, left foot, severed the three re the joints. Although alone of a mile from any one, he crawl to the nearest house, ived nearly exhausted from He was taken to his home dressed, but he will prob- pie for life.

man is doing quite a thriving ping evergreen for decorative ing Christmas trade. He has so far forwarded four large ing something like 200 pounds material, by the steamer Star to a Gardiner town. The re a variety of running vine reen spreading branches, and ly in certain sections here-

nes, Bailey ville, has for sev- been establishing himself and eir new home, which is now n. On Saturday, Nov. 17, they ably surprised by a large num- nds and neighbors, arriving at give them a "house warming." eetings were over and all had n that it was really a surprise, spinyed some of his curiosities ring his trip through Europe e Lands.

o'clock, Monday evening, an was given in Mt. Vernon. In ites the stables connected with were in flames. The sight tens much alarm, and at first hat that the hotel, standing with- t, must go, also the residences rhew and A. P. Cram, north of most magnificent efforts, the fined to the stable. One horse, t one hog were burned. Great e the citizens for their exertions. taken from the pond, wells and he hotel was cleared, resulting ble loss to Mr. Sibley by break- commenced to rain about 8 the rain continued all night. ery fortunate.

day evening last occurred the bibition with Junior parts as ersity. The music was wholly by the students and was ex- The following was the pro-

ntation. During.

Trio.
Prayer.
Gifts.

's Chorus.
Quartette.

on from Greek of Lysias. Benjamin F. Fish.

of the Constitution. Elwood E. Dudley.

ion from Latin Tacitus. George B. Berry.

ture. Edward F. Robinson.

Three Varie. Richberg.
Edward Fuller.

e of the creek Idea. William K. Clement.

ion from English of Chateaubriand. Burleigh S. Annis.
Joun S. Cummings.

e the Quiet Moon. Schoolcraft
Herbert M. Lord.

Philosophy of Uncertainties.
Shaller Matthews.

rsion from French of Beranger. Arthur M. Foss.

of an Idea. Chas. S. Kaines.
Selected.

Quartette.

arts.

RELIGIOUS NEWS. The new Ad- ch at Hollis Centre is to be dedi- d. 6th. Mrs. Kilburn preaches the y sermon.——Rev. Mr. Burring- has supplied the Unitarian church for the past three Sundays. Inter- gard to the society for six t the end of which time it will be whether or not he will remain. ington was dedicated at Pitts- St. Andrews' church, a new edi- ed by the Episcopals at Damaris- consecrated Thursday. Bishop Portland and clergy from the arishes attended. The church is e gift of Charles P. Gardiner and Boston. Rev. H. R. Pyre is rec- the Gospel work at Portland, plished much good, not only in men to the Gospel but to temper- sobriety.——The Pavilion society rd, have decided to build urch immediately. The contract ying the lumber has been award- series of religious meetings are to at both the vestry and church- churches in Union. At the Rev. Mr. Norcross is assisted by oe, the evangelist, and at the pastor, Rev. Mr. Fenn, some services. The attendance at both is large, and a good interest is d.——The Baptist meeting house th, in Kingsbury, is nearly comple- a series of revival meetings are at the Methodist church in Kils- ome have manifested a desire to tianity. Rev. C. H. Farns- e received and accepted a call to rsalist church in Hallowell, and n the duties of his new pastorate The call was unanimous and l interested are hopeful.——Rev ay Universalist society has re- presents of $500 from Mrs. Alice whose late husband once ex- wish to give that sum to the two at Norway, the Congregationalist nsalis, and Universalist Dr. Crane, Hampden, accepts a call to the ongregational church in New- Rev. William Haynes, late of and a graduate of Bangor Semi- 82, accepts a call to Houlton.—— Clarke of Jersey City, proposes the winter in Maine, in evangelis- Rev. Mr. Bellows, pastor of Bridgton, ded an urgent call to the First st society of Sharpsville, Penn., l increase of salary.——The Uni- society of Bath have extended a Mr. Green of Washington, Vt., their pastor.——Mr. Bellows, preached his farewell sermon, rning, in Waterville, to a large He has been installed in Portland. . H. Hallock has accepted a call liston church, Portland.

quail stuffed with chopped celery heart is now a good thing o toast. Note this, O gay and amp, and when you come to the er's house when the men are and it as your right!

o to press earlier this week than account of Thanksgiving, we are report of the Brighton markets.

term of the State College closed The winter term will commence 11th.

Items of Maine News.

Pork is still falling. Dealers are paying but six and one-half cents a pound for round hog.

The forests in Washington county are now being levied upon, for spruce and fir for paper making.

Edward Lord of Easton, died Friday morning, Nov. 16th, of injuries received in the boiler explosion of Nov. 6th.

A four-year-old daughter of Nathaniel Horn of Skowhegan, fell backwards into a pail of scalding water and was burned to death.

Harvey McManus of Brunswick, has a calf which was dropped in the woods, and all attempts to capture it have been unsuccessful, it is so wild.

Asa Barker, of the well known Barker family of singers, hung himself Monday night, near Lynn, Mass. He was born in Bridgton, this State.

One thousand persons have signed the pledge in the towns of Washburn, Caribou, Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield, as the result of the recent temperance revival there.

John Traverse, Stephen Traverse and Wm. Benson were bound over to the Supreme Court, Biddeford, charged with assault upon Leopold Fisher, with intent to kill.

The schooner Alice Archer, which arrived recently at Richmond, brought 480,000 feet of yellow pine lumber for the vessel which is to be built this winter by Mr. George Farrin.

The mild weather of last week was of great benefit to mill owners, as a large amount of logs which were frozen in the ice have been gotten out and put in places of safety.

Mrs. Sterling Davis of East Union, in going out of her house, slipped on the door step, and falling upon a stick of wood, broke her shoulder and dislocated the arm at the shoulder joint.

J. P. Reed of Winn, and Mr. Hersey of Patten, will lumber the coming winter at Souadnehunk on the West Branch of the Penobscot. They intend to haul 4,000,000 feet of lumber.

C. L. L. Emery, Biddeford, has obtained a patent on a ring for spinning frames. J. A. Knight, Auburn, for vinegar measure. Labels—Cochren & Williams, Farmington, title, "Farmington Sugar Corn."

The first freight to come over the as yet uncompleted shore Line Railroad was brought into Bangor Wednesday of last week. It consisted of 100,000 shingles from Mr. Eben Merrill's mill at Reed's Fond in Dedham.

A man in Portland left off the cover of a coal stove, the gas communicated to the sleeping room, and himself and wife would have died if a dog in the sitting room, that was not pleased with the smell, had not sent up a hideous howl.

A lady named Fitzgerald, of Portland, was probably fatally burned by the explosion of a kerosene lamp Friday evening. She had retired, tipped over the lamp to blow it out when the oil ignited and set the bed on fire.

Capt. George York of Ferry Village, met with a severe accident in Portland one day last week. He made an attempt to step on the sidewalk, but missed his footing and fell on the curbstone, breaking two of his ribs and receiving other severe injuries.

Miss Lizzie Snowman, of Bucksport, is another young lady who has the accomplishment of whistling. At a recent concert in that town she rendered a selection in that manner on being recalled gave Polka and Marguerite. Her performance created quite a sensation.

Nathan Rideout, Jr., a young man 23 years of age, a son of Nathan Rideout, of Lee, was killed by a boiler explosion at Buttonwood, Pennsylvania, last Friday. His remains were brought to Lee. The accident has rendered one mother childless and rendered the mother insane.

Mr. Selden Brown of Bangor, became infatuated with a young lady, who managed to get the most of his money. Melbourne, Ark., at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning. Ex-Sheriff John Hinkle and his wife and two children were killed, and Mrs. Henry S. Hinkle was crippled. The Court House, two churches and several stores and houses were blown down.

Secretary Frellinghuysen, Tuesday, received a telegram from the U. S. minister in Paris, stating that the Paris *Journal* of Wednesday will publish the decree cancelling the prohibition of importing American pork into France. The decree was signed Tuesday.

The Mississippi Valley Bank of Vicksburg, has failed with liabilities at $800,000. The cash on hand is said to be only $13,000. Some creditors had commenced suit. Deposits to the amount of $600,000. After deducting the individual indebtedness and operating expenses, a surplus will still remain.

The Baptist parsonage at Milo, occupied by Rev. E. S. Fisk and family, was burned Wednesday morning, and at first that the hotel, standing within 40 feet, must go, also the residences of Mr. Shew and A. P. Cram, north of the most magnificent efforts, the latter was saved only by constant deluging. One horse, two cows, a wagon, sleigh, pig and a year's supply of hay, burned. No insurance.

Ethan Conant, a young man about 21 years of age, living on the "Spencer" place in Milton, about two miles from Parlin Pond, Somerset county, was found dead in his cabin Wednesday morning of last week, by a crew of sleeping room, and himself and wife would have died if a dog in the sitting room, that was not pleased with the smell, had not sent up a hideous howl.

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Thursday afternoon as Bodie Patterson, a small boy living in East Belfast, was playing with a pistol which he supposed was not loaded, he pointed it at one of the boy's standers, Amos Richards, when it was discharged, the charge striking Richards at the base of the nose and lodging in the cheek, and has not been removed. The wound, though painful, is not regarded dangerous.

A letter to the Aroostook *Republican* states that after the boiler explosion in the shingle mill of Kimball & Delaite, in Easton, which resulted in the death of Mr. Edward Lord and the severe scalding of several others, Mr. Kimball went to Bangor and purchased a new boiler, and used the company from which he purchased the one for fifteen hundred dollars damages.

Wednesday afternoon Mr. Alvin Deering of Portland, was fired at twice with a revolver, by George Martin at Brown's Hill, Cape Elizabeth. One bullet glanced off a large button on Deering's overcoat, and the other bullet passed through his clothes, grazing the skin on one side. On account of some business transactions, Martin was a known enemy of Deering. Martin has been arrested and held for trial in $1500.

Capt. Chandler of the Bangor schooner Effort, wrecked at Chatham, Mass., Monday, reports that in a severe storm the vessel sprang a leak off Chatham on 2 A. M., and in half an hour she was full of water. All hands took to the boats at four o'clock, and after a hard pull succeeded in reaching Monomoy, where they were cared for by the life saving station, and arrived at Chatham at 5 o'clock A. M., in a heavy northwest gale.

Sunday night while two gentlemen were coming towards Cottle Hill, from Madrid, and just as they reached the bridge crossing the brook, some large animal appeared, frightening their horse, which backed them over the bank into the brook. It was undoubtedly a bear, and the same one that appeared to a young man, half a mile from the brook, Monday evening. He rose up by the side of the road, and the young man ran for his life.

On Sunday morning, Mrs. J. A. Fuller, the wife of a retired merchant in Thomaston, aged about 55, committed suicide by drowning in a cistern in the cellar of her residence. She had been an invalid for a number of years, and has recently been suffering from mental depression. She left a brief note expressing her love for her family, her hope that they would be happier without her, and her fear that she had become a burden to them.

A carload of Jersey cattle was shipped from Brookhaven farm Monday to Kentucky. This is the second carload shipped to that State this year. The best Jersey bull in the country is now at the head of bull in the country is now at the head of the Brookhaven herd. This is "Romeo de Bonair," and half brother to the celebrated Jersey cow "Mary Anne of St. Lambert." Valued at $20,000. The Binnards were valued at $20,000. The Binnards were offered $5000 for Romeo last week. He is held however at $10,000. The Broadmoor herd now numbers over 100 Jerseys.

While some of A. A. Howard's men were gathering boughs to cover the berths of an old logging camp, situated on Ebemeus Mountain, Brownville, they came across a man partly suspended by a rope attached to the body of a leaning tree. They judged that the person was some thirty years of age and must have been dead several days. The body has not been identified, but is thought to be that of John Kendall, who made his home recently in Milo. Every appearance is that he committed suicide.

Two cars on the morning train from Lewiston to Farmington, were derailed at the junction of Lewiston and Farmington tracks at Crowley's Monday morning. Both cars were derailed, the forward of the two being a total wreck. The cars were loaded with meat in barrels. Both ends of the first car were torn out, the sides split open and meal strewn for rods along the track. The rails were spread, sleepers torn up, rendering a portion of the track a complete wreck for a number of rods.

Mr. Hastings Brown of Guilford, was returning home the other evening, accompanied by Mrs. Whitney, when his horse became frightened and the lady jumped from the wagon. Mr. Brown was unable to manage his horse, which backed completely over the bridge and landed into the brook, a distance of 6 or 8 feet. Mrs. Whitney rushed to the rescue, and found Brown in the water, with the wagon covering him. Though a frail woman, she by main force lifted the wagon off and held it until the half-dead man crawled out.

Items of General News.

There were twenty deaths from yellow fever in Havana, last week.

It is said that the Exchange Bank of Montreal will go into liquidation immediately.

The whole line of the Southeastern railroad in Canada has been seized for a claim of $20,000.

Four people were killed by a collision on the Alabama & Great Southern railroad, Thursday.

Joseph Renerman, 34 years old, who died at Bellevue Hospital on Thursday, weighed nearly 400 pounds.

Lizzie Burmeister, 21 years old, attempted suicide at Baltimore, Md., on Tuesday. Her mother hung herself two weeks ago.

Hon. Carl Schurz has retired from the New York Evening *Post*, the reason given being that close editorial work is irksome to him.

The town of Albany, Minn., was on Tuesday, completely destroyed by fire. There was no adequate provisions for fighting the fire.

A tornado nearly demolished the village of Lacrosse, Arkansas, Thursday. Only six houses were left standing. Three persons were killed.

It is the general opinion that the proposed leasing of the Eastern railroad to the Boston & Maine has been postponed, at least for a year, and possibly indefinitely.

Sickney & Poor's large spice works, Charlestown Neck, near Boston, were badly damaged by fire last week. Several firemen were injured. Total loss $40,000, insured.

The consolidated Paper Company of Chicago, comprising fifty mills, on Wednesday resolved to shut down all their mills from Dec. 1 to Feb. 15. This will throw 3000 men out of employment.

Charles R. Chubbeck, who for several years has been a confidential clerk of John T. Robin, a custom house and insurance broker on Pine street, New York, has disappeared with $12,000.

Sojourner Truth, born a slave almost one hundred and ten years ago, and held as a slave in the State of New York until almost the beginning of age, died Monday at her fifty years of age, died Monday at her home at Battle Creek, Michigan.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has sustained the will of the late Gov. Washburn of that State, by this decision the inburn of that State, by this decision the inburn of that State, by this decision the in

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Nation's Thanksgiving.

BY OLIVE B. DANA.

The year is running o'er with God's good gifts,
Thy fields her hymn of praise the Nation lifts;
The granaries are filled with ample stores,
The land to poorer lands her wealth outpours.

Across her breezy heights, and fertile plains,—
O'er which the harvest-moon wakes and wanes,—
The clashing sickles cease, and threshers beat
Their rhythmic measures, which echoes repeat.

Along her city streets the murmurs fall
Of toil, abating none, but raising all,
Her schools are everywhere, her church-bells ring;
Her hallowed Sabbath days their blessings bring.

Her homes, lofty or low, are as the heart
Whence the life-currents warm each asp'rate part;
And at that fountainhead are purified
The streams whose quick'ning strength thrill far and wide.

And so the Nation keeps her day of praise,
Owning God's sov'reign hand in all her ways;
That gen'rous Hand that gives, in season due,
The grateful fruits of earth, plenteous and new.

His will has wrought with men's, to build so well
That, in this Western world, the people dwell
In sacred liberty of faith and thought,
A liberty by toil and anguish bought.

So, in the churches, songs of praises rise
To Him who sits enthroned above the skies,
So, in their homes, men's lips softly repeat,
"Praise be unto our God, for praise is meet."

Our Story Teller.

A STORY OF AN OLD CLOCK.

"Oh dear! it seems as if I could not bear it. Cassia's life-happiness to be sacrificed, all for the sake of paltry money! She can't be in love with that sallow-faced foreigner, thirty years older than herself, and such a selfish, worldly, irreligious man! What can Robert be thinking of?"

Grandmother Henderson was verging toward eighty, a fragile-looking old lady, with a sweet, pale face framed in silvery hair. Her room was in the fourth story of Mr. Henderson's spacious house, a somber-looking apartment, with furniture quaint and "old-fashioned" as its inmate. In one corner stood an immense rose-wood clock, of which more anon.

Cassia once said, indignantly, to an older sister that "grandma seemed to be put away out of sight and mind, like the old faded silks in the attic."

Mrs. Robert Henderson was a gay, fashionable woman, very ambitious for herself and her family. It was a sore cross to her when her husband brought his widowed mother to make her home with them. Yet despite the "old-fashioned" ways Mrs. Henderson bewailed in her mother-in-law, she was a woman of education and refinement, one her friends might well have been proud of.

Mrs. Henderson soon perceived what her daughter-in-law expected of her, and kept her own room as much as possible. Poor old lady, she had no other home, for Robert was her only remaining child.

As for John, immersed in business, he gave little thought to anything else. Worldly prosperity and the influence of his wife had greatly changed him.

They had four daughters. The eldest three resembled their mother. Cassia was the exception—a warm-hearted, impulsive little creature, brilliant in her beauty as some richly tinted flower.

She soon fell in love with her grandmother, and the latter almost idolized the child. Many a pleasant hour they spent together, and Cassia brought all her girlish troubles to her, as she could not to her own mother.

But the time of parting came, when Cassia was sent abroad to finish her education. The old lady grieved much over the loss of her young companion, and great was her joy as the time drew near for her return. She came, but somehow she seemed changed; her grandmother could not understand her. She went out a great deal now, was seldom in the old lady's room, and though her manner was affectionate, she did not confide to her as before. Over this, and the news she had just heard, the old lady was grieving as she sat alone this April afternoon.

Suddenly the door opened, and Cassia entered. Seating herself on a stool at her grandmother's feet, she buried her face in her lap.

"What is it, dear?" asked her grandmother, tenderly.

"Oh, grandma! grandma!" said Cassia, and could speak no more for sobs and tears.

"My own little girl!" said her grandmother.

Neither could speak for a time, then Cassia raised her head, resolutely.

"I believe it's done me good to cry," she said. "Grandma, I've been a wicked girl to neglect you so! Do you know, I feel like a child again, sitting by you this way. But, oh dear! I can't make myself one again. I wish I could!"

"Tell me what troubles you, dear," said her grandmother, stroking the soft black ringlets. "Perhaps I can help you."

"Oh no, you can't," said Cassia, mournfully. "Grandma," raising her eyes to the old lady's, "have you heard about me and Signor Gomez?"

"It's true, then?" said her grandmother, distressfully. "Oh, Cassia, can you love that man?"

"*Love* him!" exclaimed Cassia, springing up. The glow in her cheeks deepened; she clinched her little hand as she went on: "Grandma, I loathe him. I didn't love him when I promised to marry him, but now I fairly hate him."

"Oh, Cassia, how could you engage yourself to such a man?"

"Don't ask me; my head was turned with vanity, and they all flattered and urged me so," said the girl, dropping dejectedly at her grandmother's feet again.

"But you must not marry him, my child; it would be an awful sin. Can you not appeal to him? If he has any sense of honor—"

"Grandma, he has none. I did appeal to him last night, and you should have heard the cold-blooded way in which he answered me. If only he had a father and mother's consent. It is enough for him."

"A chivalrous gentleman, truly!" said her grandmother, with a bitter smile—

"Don't speak of him any more, grandma; I hate the very thought of him. There's something else I want to tell you, only I'm afraid you'll be angry. Grandma, does John Hartwell?" the blood mounting to her very temples now.

"Know him! of course I do—the grandson of the dear old friend whom I shall never see again in this world. He has been to see me several times since he came to the city, and a fine young man he is."

"Yes, he is—handsome and noble to look at," said Cassia, with a wicked, foolish girl I was!"

"Cassia, do you mean—"

"I mean, grandma, that John Hartwell told me last time that he loved me, and wanted me to be his wife. I don't know what was the matter with me; I was intoxicated. I think, with all the flattery and attention I received, I believed I should love. Now I know my own heart better. I would rather live with him in the poorest little cottage than with that other man in a palace."

"Have you seen him since?"

"Yes; but he always avoids me. I think he scorns me now, as a girl who's sold herself for money. If he only knew—" Here Cassia broke down again.

"I shall speak to your parents," said Mrs. Henderson, decidedly. "This must not go on."

"Grandma, I've told them *everything*. But they won't listen; they don't like John, because he's poor. They are determined I shall make this 'magnificent match,' as mamma calls it. She is hurrying on the marriage. She has even set the day! Oh, grandma, what shall I do? I detest him, and he knows it. She will make me—I know she will!" said Cassia, clasping her hands, with such a look of child-like terror that her grandmother could not suppress a groan of despair.

At that moment came a sharp tap at the door, and without waiting for an answer Cassia's mother entered. The girl sprang away her tears confusedly, as her mother stood eying the pair with a look of cold suspicion. She was a woman of command-ing presence, evidently used to being obeyed.

"Miss Hoar is waiting for you to try on your dress, Cassia. I returned from—shopping, remember, and so must your grandmother, that your time is too precious now to be frittered away in talk."

Cassia obeyed, first pressing a kiss on her grandmother's cheek.

"May I have a few minutes' conversation with you, Lydia?" said the old lady, turning a thin, keen face toward her.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Henderson, closing the door behind her daughter. "What is it you wish to say?"

The words passed, and the wedding day was at hand.

The poor old lady's interposition had been of no avail. Her tender remonstrances were received with sneering contempt. From that time Mrs. Henderson took care that the young girl sat not meet her grandmother alone.

Poor old lady! She was almost distracted with grief, yet knew not what to do. She appealed to her son, but though he listened kindly than his wife, her pleadings made little impression upon him.

As a last resort, Mrs. Henderson wrote a few lines to John Hartwell, asking him to come and see her. She thought the handsome, manly young fellow might plead his cause with Cassia's father more effectually than she. But she received no answer, and, ignorant that he was absent from the city, feared that the note had never reached him, or that he did not wish to reply.

As for Cassia, she seemed to have resigned herself to her fate. She expostulated and wept no more. She submitted patiently to all the "fitting" and "trying on" exacted of her, and though she showed no active interest in anything, her parents were satisfied. Her grandmother understood her better. She saw but little of her, but when she did, the look on the child's face was almost more than she could bear.

The wedding day dawned in tears—a fitting omen of Cassia's future, her grandmother thought. But the clouds gradually broke, and by noon the sun was shining brightly. The marriage was to be at six, followed by a reception, after which the "happy" couple were to leave for an extensive wedding tour.

Old Mrs. Henderson was fairly ill by this time, and declared she could not go down. Her daughter-in-law was only too glad of this, and the poor old lady spent the day in weeping and praying for her darling. She could hear the bustle of preparation going on in the house, and it seemed to her it was more for a funeral than a marriage.

Cassia's maid came and dressed her early, and an hour before the time appointed for the ceremony she stood in bridal array. Her dress was white satin, and the diamonds Signor Gomez had given her sparkled in her ears and around her fair throat. She was deathly pale, and looked like a snow image, with her long fleecy veil floating about her.

Her attendants and those of her family present hovered round her, exclaiming in admiration at her loveliness. "Cassia, you never looked so beautiful before!"

"But I am *so* tired?" said the poor child, raising her tearful dark eyes to her mother's. "Can't I be left alone to rest awhile, mamma? I feel ready for the fainting."

"To be sure you may, poor child," answered her mother, in an unwontedly tender voice. "Sit down in this arm-chair—so," she said, arranging the dress and veil. "Now I will put this *footstool* at your feet, and you can sit quietly here and rest yourself. Shall Florrie bring you a glass of wine?"

"No; no wine. I only need rest," said Cassia, wearily; and charging her again to compose her mind, Mrs. Henderson left the room, followed by the others.

Cassia sat where they had left her, in a sort of stupor of despair. Suddenly a sound from the window fell upon her ear.

It was her bridegroom's voice. That sound recalled her to the full horror of what she was about to do. Cassia sprang to her feet, looking like some hunted animal. She rushed to the door and looked into the hall—there was not a person to be seen. Her sisters were in their rooms, her father and mother down-stairs ready to welcome their guests.

He would be up in a moment. She left her room and flew up the stairs. Her only thought now was to reach her grandmother's room, with furniture quaint and "old-fashioned" as its inmate. In one corner stood an immense rose-wood clock, of which more anon.

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As a last resort, Mrs. Henderson wrote a few lines to John Hartwell, asking him to come and see her. She thought the handsome, manly young fellow might plead his cause with Cassia's father more effectually than she. But she received no answer, and, ignorant that he was absent from the city, feared that the note had never reached him, or that he did not wish to reply.

As for Cassia, she seemed to have resigned herself to her fate. She expostulated and wept no more. She submitted patiently to all the "fitting" and "trying on" exacted of her, and though she showed no active interest in anything, her parents were satisfied. Her grandmother understood her better. She saw but little of her, but when she did, the look on the child's face was almost more than she could bear.

The wedding day dawned in tears—a fitting omen of Cassia's future, her grandmother thought. But the clouds gradually broke, and by noon the sun was shining brightly. The marriage was to be at six, followed by a reception, after which the "And you sha'n't have to," said John, stoutly. "I'll take you in my arms and march out of the house with you. I'd like to see who could stop me!"

"Oh, John! What folly! Why, they'd set the police after you! Grandma, dear grandma, tell us what to do," said Cassia, falling on the old lady's neck. Mrs. Henderson embraced and kissed her, while her tears fell fast, but ere she could speak John broke out again.

"Wait," he said. "I've thought of a plan."

"Let me get into the clock first," said Cassia, starting nervously away from her grandmother's arms. "It seemed as if I heard something. So—I'll leave the door open, ready to shut at a moment's notice."

"Nonsense!" said John; "there's no one round but us. Now, then, I must speak quick—there's little time to lose. You know I've a sister in Albany?"

"Yes," they both assented, breathlessly.

"A few hours' riding would bring us there, and there's a train leaves at twelve. My sister would take Cassia right into her home. I'll say little girl loves and trusts me as she says she does, and you, Mrs. Henderson, are so anxious to save her from that fellow, you'll agree to my plan. Here it is: your mother and sisters are in the parlor; the servants are all in the kitchen, no doubt, talking the matter over; they won't be likely to come up till twelve o'clock or more. Mr. Henderson won't probably be home till midnight, or later."

"Poor father!" said Cassia, tearfully. "I feel wicked to frighten him all so, and if only they weren't determined to make me marry that man—"

"Cassia, if, say, about a quarter of eleven, you will steal down the back stairs and into the butler's pantry, I will be in the garden by the window to help you out. A carriage will be waiting for us in the next street. Ah, Cassia, you don't like this plan, but I can't think of any other way. I'll marry Cassia in Albany, and bring her back my own dear wife before the week is over."

"Oh, grandma, grandma, you *will* help to save me?" said Cassia, imploringly. "That horrid man—I heard him say he would marry me for all I hid from him; and mamma is so determined. Do you want them to kill *me* between them? Oh, do help us!"

"Children," said the old lady, in a tremulous voice, "I never thought I should be the one to help on a clandestine marriage, but if ever a young girl acted in her parents' wishes. But Cassia's happiness, her very life, seems at stake, and that worthless man is so determined."

"And John is so good—so true! You're not afraid to give me to *him*," said Cassia, smiling proudly through her tears.

"If John were not so good I would never trust him with you, child. Cassia, darling, you won't fail me?"

"No, John. It's a great risk," turning very white, "but I'll do it."

"And if we *do* fail this time, remember how I love you, how I'm watching over you, and oh, be true to me! But we have only half an hour left. Good-by for a little while, darling."

Bending toward the old clock, he kissed the sweet lips upraised to his, and hurriedly left the room.

The old lady turned the key, and stood listening a moment. "You can come out, child," she said.

"Now, grandma," said Cassia, as she came out of the clock, "what can I put on? My clothes are all down-stairs, and I can't go off in this rig."

"Be twisting up your hair," answered her grandmother, in the same whispering tones Cassia had used, "and I'll show you something in a minute."

With nervous haste Cassia slipped off her dress and ornaments, and re-arranged her hair. Her grandmother, who had been rummaging in an old trunk in the closet, came out with something hanging over her arm.

"See, Cassia," she said displaying a rich brocade made of a lovely violet color; "this was my wedding dress."

"Oh, how beautiful!" said Cassia.

"My mother died only a few months after my wedding, and I put on mourning then, and laid this away in a trunk, for somehow I could not bear to give it away, as I did my other dresses. I have never worn it since. There's a hat and a cloak that went with it. You could not wear those, but I think you might put this on under my black silk circular. I'd love to have you married in it, but I'm afraid you'll think it's too old-fashioned—"

"No, you dear, blessed old grandma; I'd love to be!" said Cassia, kissing her. "But I can't stop to be dressed. I need *fly*."

"You must, my child; and there's no time to lose. Come, slip on the dress. Why, it fits you beautifully. I'm not much taller than you."

"Just about my size," said Cassia. "Why, grandma, this isn't so very different from the esthetic dresses some of the young ladies wear now, and I'll be married in this, and nothing else—it seems so lovely to wear what you did. But oh, what time is it?"

"Oh, it wants ten minutes of the time," said her grandmother, who was opening a drawer.

Cassia stood, a quaint pretty little figure, in her low-necked, short-sleeved dress, with its narrow, plain skirt. Her grandmother brought out a dainty lace handkerchief, which she tucked into her neck, fastening it at the throat with a pearl pin.

"I used to wear it with this dress sometimes," she said. "You see it matches the lace in your sleeves. Now slip on this beautiful jacket of mine, and I'll be circular. Be quick, child; there's no time to lose now! There's a pair of long white kid gloves in the pocket, you can wear my black ones on the journey."

"Oh, but, grandma, if they find me with your circular on, what will they say to you?"

"Do as I tell you, my child. You have scarcely three minutes left. Ah, that's right! I will lay this dress and veil in my trunk for the present. They can be removed hereafter."

"Are you sure she is not in his room?" asked the smooth, insinuating voice she so much detested. "You know as venerable signors did such much queer things, and—"

"My mother never told a lie in her life, sir!" said her father's voice, imperatively. "It would be a waste of time to look there. I'm going to search the attic!"

"Search where you please," returned Signor Gomez; *I* am going to look up Meester John Hartwell, who I suspect knows something of re matter. Can he will find he can not steal my leetle bride from me so easy!"

"Go—go with him, Robert," said Mrs. Henderson. "Go, Signor Gomez, it's too late Telegraph! Set the police on the track! Oh, Signor Gomez, if you can pardon the unhappy child after this, your love must be of the noblest kind—"

"Madame, I lofe her so I would marree her six moment, to-morrow, any day, for all she has hid from me. And when she is once my wife I think she will not find it so easy to run away."

There was something menacing in the smooth voice now, and Cassia, hearing it, shrieked in terror, forgave them after a while, and with his daughter Agnes spends many a pleasant hour in their cosy little home.

John is prospering in his business, and as he is likely to become a rich man someday, it is to be hoped his mother-in-law and the other sisters will in time forgive him.

The old clock stands in the cosy parlor in John's cottage. It was the old lady's wedding gift to her "children." Doubtless it will be cherished by them all their lives, as one of their greatest treasures, and handed down as a precious heirloom through succeeding generations.

Young Folks' Column.

For the Young Folks' Column.

Mo' Thanksgiving.

BY EDITH J. AREY.

"We won't have any Thanksgiving this year, will we Margie?" A sweet little voice broke the stillness of the room. A dear child voice in which there was no complaining, only a tender, lingering regret as if the truth had been pressed upon the little mind with greater force just then.

"No, darling, no Thanksgiving this year. 'Twas a woman's voice that answered, a voice in which there was a kind of hopeless resignation as though she might have added, there's nothing to give thanks for now.

"Take me up in your arms, Margie, and tell me about the Thanksgivings you used to have before I was born, when papa and mamma were alive and you lived in the big house and had ever so many things. I don't like to see you think, it makes you look tired."

"I am tired to-night darling, I'll tell you about it to-morrow." Margie said, clasping her arms around the child and laying her head close to the little, shining one.

"Does it make you tired to work up to Mr. Everleigh's, Margie?"

"No, not always, but since Birdie has been so sick she is quite fretful and will not let anyone do anything for her but her father and me."

"Has she laid in bed all day to-day?"

"O no, she has been up, and I dressed her dolls and she played with them a long time."

"Do you 'spose she'll get well, Margie?

"Sometimes I think she will, and sometimes I think she'll die, Fansie."

"Oh I hope she won't!"

"So do I, it would be dreadful for her papa, she is all he's got."

"But ain't he got a sister, Margie?" Ain't that woman that you told me about, that won't let me go up and play with Birdie, his sister?"

"Hush Goyal! yes, but she does not love him as I love you or as you love me, dear; she is a proud woman and thinks a great deal of money."

The child was silent a few moments trying to understand what her sister had said. Presently she spoke. "Don't you love Mr. Everleigh even so much, Margie?"

Margie started. "Why, Pansie, what ever put that into your head?"

"O, because I do."

"Why you have never seen him only when he rides by with Birdie."

"Yes I have, and he's talked to me, too, and he looks kind of tired same as you do, and that's why I like him."

"When did he talk to you?"

"Last night, I got lonesome and went down to watch for Ruffe to come with the papers, and I see Mr. Everleigh coming; I knew 'twas him jest as quick as I see him, but he didn't know 'twas me; and when he come along he kept looking at me, and when he got most by he came back and said, 'What is your name, little one?' and I said Pansie Willard, sir, and he said, 'Be you Margie Willard's little sister?' and I said yes sir, and he said, 'I thought so; Margie stays up to my house, did you know it?' and I said yes sir, 'cause Margie's showed you to me when you went by; and he smiled a little and said, 'Do you stay here with your mother while Margie's away?' and I said, I haint got no mamma, she is dead, Margie and I is all alone; and he said, 'What! you don't stay here alone all day, do you?' and I said oh no, Mrs. Miller lives down stairs, and when I get lonesome I go down and play with her baby; and he come us close to me and said, 'How would you like to come up and play with my little Birdie?' and I said, O, I'd like to, but I want Margie to live there all the time too."

"O Pansie, what made you?"

"Was that wrong, Margie?"

"No, what did Mr. Everleigh say?"

"He didn't say anything 'bout that, he jes kissed me and said, 'Well, Pansie, somebody is glad to see you, and don't play with Birdie if Margie is willing,' then he went off."

Pansie looked at her sister expecting her to make some comments upon her conversation with the great Mr. Everleigh. But Margie just looked out in the street where the twilight shades were growing deeper and deeper, and sighed heavily, not for her own hard life of toil or tired soul, fighting battles that must daily be lost or won, but for the rich man over whose brightly lighted path Fate's black shadow was falling.

"I wish I could stay with you to-day," she said to Pansie next morning, she dreaded to go up to the great house now; dreaded to see Mr. Everleigh.

"No, you go and stay with Birdie, sister, 'cause she is sick and I am well and can have my Thanksgiving all alone this once."

"Yes, Pansie, thank God for everything you have—and dear Jesus knows, for only knows what some are suffering to-day, or what some poor little girls will do." And with tears in her eyes Margie kissed the little upturned face and left.

She tried to comfort herself as she walked along, saying that God would help Mr. Everleigh and take care of Birdie; but when she saw the great, cold, elegant house, standing so stately amid its splendid grounds that had been so beautiful in summer bloom, she could not keep the dark thoughts from coming in the door, and so made a home to spend his manhood years; here he had brought his bride; here he had seen his baby's eyes open upon the world, and his wife's close forever; here he had lived, hoped, loved and lost; and now to leave it all and go into the world almost a beggar! O it was bitterly hard; and Margie could not keep the tears from her eyes, as she went slowly up the marble paved walk.

"Everything will have to be sold," Mrs. Royal was saying as she passed the window. She tried to catch Mr. Everleigh's eye, but could not. He stepped out into the hall just as she entered from the opposite door.

"How weary he looks. No wonder, what a weight must be crushing him down." But how well he bore it; the same deferential bow and pleasant "Good morning, Miss Willard," while the sweet sympathy was quivering in his soul. A great wave of pity arose in her heart and drowned the pride that had never given other than a bow or a few polite words to the grave, fine-looking man, the owner of all this magnificence. What bitterness he had got to know. What lessons to learn. That the friends who smile when prosperity smiles, frown in adversity's hour. To stand in the world forsaken and alone; to know what she had known, oh, how hard! He was no longer above her; he was poor as she was; yes, poorer, because she did have a few dollars and he was penniless; she could help him a little now and then.

She thought this all in a moment, and extending her hand said, "Oh! Mr. Everleigh, I read it in the paper; will you accept my sympathy, my friendship? Will you let me help you what I can? I will take the whole care of Birdie until you can decide what to do. I know she will be more contented with me than anyone else, and my little sister Pansie will be delighted to play with her and keep her from fretting."

She had spoken with hurried eagerness, without noticing the look of puzzled surprise upon his face at first, or the light that broke over it when he understood. He clasped tightly the hand that had been stretched out to him in his need, and with eyes that were radiant, and a voice deep with emotion, said, "God bless you my true friend; may I come to you when others fail me?"

"Oh, indeed you may, Mr. Everleigh."

"I do need you, Margie, you can help me in a way that no one else can. May I depend wholly upon you?"

"I will do anything in my power for you, Mr. Everleigh." The rose-tint glowed in her cheeks as she spoke, and her eyes darkened and sparkled, and Mr. Everleigh, gazing into them, did not wear the expression of a man in despair.

"Then go to Birdie now, and I will see you again in an hour." With a pressure of the hand and a smiling good-bye he left the house, and Margie stood looking at the great hall door with a strange, bewildered feeling.

"Oh, Birdie, isn't this a glorious morning? did you sleep well?" she cried, as the white face of the invalid child brightened to welcome her.

"No, I—don't, take me to the window, Margie."

The wind softly swayed the lace drapery at the open window; for though it was late November, departing autumn had thrown back the golden day from its jeweled wand, and it rested on the brown earth like a crown. And the music that had quivered in Margie's heart was very like the song which the June birds sang. So sitting where the warm sunshine folded them about, she told the child a most wonderful fairy tale. When she had finished the lids drooped over the tired eyes. Mr. Everleigh entered the room just as she laid the sleeping child on its couch.

"What a charmer you are, Margie," he said, coming toward her. And standing there in the glory of the autumn sunlight, with the golden hair waving in the perfect day in her heart; for she learned that one-half of the brightness that had gilded her lone life had been born of love for the man who now stood near her that love was the one thing that his soul craved. From the beauty and culture that had surrounded his life he had turned away unsatisfied; and now that the light had fallen around him, her love was the one star toward which he turned for light. Verily this was a Thanksgiving day!

"Are you quite sure, Margie, that you love me well enough to accept all that love may bring to you?" he asked.

"Perfectly sure, Clyde."

"Remember, that may bring to you experiences hitherto unknown. The associations amid which my life will be henceforth passed, I would not subject you to choose. The misfortunes that come to me will fall equally on you; are you sure my love will compensate for all this?"

"Perfectly sure, Clyde," and to the uttermost parts of the earth, and gladly accept my portion among the heathen, if yours was cast there. Oh, I don't see why you doubt me!" and her lips began to quiver.

"I don't doubt you, my darling, I only wanted you to test your own heart for what may come."

"You forgot that I have been learning the lesson of poverty and trial for ten years; but you, how will you go out from this magnificent home to obscurity and neglect? How will you, who have been all your life the companion of refinement, endure these uncongenial associations? How will you bear to see frowns in place of smiles that have always greeted you, and cold, chilling silence upon the lips that spoke honeyed words?"

"I could endure it; poverty is no stranger to me, Margie, I have gone barefoot almost as many days as I ever wore shoes, and I have known greater poverty of heart since I counted my money by thousands than by dollar."

"You! were you ever poor? then you won this by your own efforts," she said, gazing around the richly furnished apartment.

"Mostly, yes."

"Then all these years of toil for naught. Oh, it is so hard for you!"

"It would be, Margie—"

"But it *will* be, Clyde, a fear rising in her heart that he did not realize his position. He laughed an easy, provoking laugh.

"Why, are you determined to squander all my property?"

"But is it already squandered?"

"On the contrary I am the richest man this morning I have ever been, for I have happiness added to wealth."

"But what did that notice in the paper mean?" she said.

"That my headstrong brother, C. J. Everleigh, has failed. I told the boy that he would if he didn't stop speculating. He never would listen to me, and the story considerable." With a little help which I shall give him, he will be upon his feet soon, a man of experience."

Margie's eyes grew wide and black. "O, Mr. Everleigh, what do you mean?"

"I think you are the dearest little——"

"Stop, Mr. Everleigh, you shall not insult me! You have deceived me!"

"Not intentionally, Margie."

"You say you and I had made a mistake, and you allowed me to believe it and go on and say things I never would have said and——oh, dear!" And she sank into a chair and began to cry as only a thoroughly humiliated woman can.

It was well for him that Margie's eyes were covered and she did not see the smile upon his lips. But he took a seat beside her and soothed her, and in a short time the moment. I loved you. Had I been a poor man I would have put forth every energy to have won you; but you erected a barrier between us, hard, cold and unyielding as the gold that has given me such a false dignity in your eyes; and I must keep at a cold and haughty distance while my heart was longing for you; and when your own hand unintentionally threw that barrier down, would you have me fold my arms and let happiness float by me forever, simply because a mistake had thrown it for a moment within my reach?"

"But—but you said if others failed you," she said between her sobs.

"They have, Margie, every one of them has failed to fill the place in my heart that has been yearning to hold you these many months. Your voice, singing to my little one, is the sweetest sound I ever heard in this great, gloomy house. Margie, when I asked you if you were willing to accept whatever came with me, I knew you were grieved because I doubted you. Will you break your promise so soon?"

Six months afterwards, when Pansie lived in the handsome home with Birdie, and Margie was Mrs. Everleigh, she said to her, "We did have Thanksgiving this year, didn't we, Margie? That night after I had my cake I asked God to bless you a little bit of a Thanksgiving and He sent one to last all our lives, didn't He?"

"Yes, all our lives, Pansie, for whatever comes to us hereafter, we will never fail to have Thanksgiving."

Curious Things.

It is generally understood that luminous paint was not known until quite recently, but, according to Dr. Macgowan, the Chinese understood the art of making such paints at a very early period. A traveller relates that the Emperor Tai Tsung, who flourished toward the end of the tenth century of the Christian era, was presented with a picture, which at night represented a cow lying down within a fence, while during the day the cow browsed outside. It is explained that this picture was painted with a paste made of South Sea pearls mixed with a substance luminous at night, while the day picture was produced by powdered reef-stone.

A FROG IN THE HEART OF AN OAK. James Giles, a farmer near Austin, Texas, cut down a five-oak tree last week, and found in the centre of one a live frog. He says there was no hole from the outside in the tree where the frog was found to the outside, and that there was no way that the frog could have got in and no way for him to get out. The cavity, he says, had been made by a part of the tree growing together, and that the frog must have hopped into the tree before it grew together and there remained ever since.

A Hungarian adventurer, calling himself Prof. Wallenda, from Chicago, Chicago, went to Montreal and set up as a metallurgist and chemist. He fitted up a room with furnace and crucibles as well as chemicals, and pretended that he had a secret for mixing an alloy with gold, he swindled several dupes who had more money than honesty.

A new adulterant of ground pepper has been exposed by a German chemist, the material consisting of ground kernels of olive-berries. Adulteration by this substance is readily detected by scattering the suspected mixture upon a mixture of equal volumes of glycerine and water, when the ground olive-stones upon the surface and the olive-kernels sink.

The observatory of Paris is about to publish a catalogue of the stars observed in Paris during the forty-five years from 1837 to 1881 inclusive. This catalogue records about 300,000 observations, of which 120,000 were made during the last five years of the period covered, and gives the places of 40,000 stars.

In removing the foundation of an old bridge built by Charlemagne, German engineers have found the piles so well preserved, although nearly 1100 years old, that the wood can still be used in building. The iron riveted to the posts is practically unimpaired.

It has been thought that the freezing of sap causes trees to expand in cold weather Prof. Thomas Meehan finds, however, that such is not the case, as the trees contract in a considerable extent.

BAD BLOOD
SCROFULOUS, INHERITED, CONTAGIOUS.
In 1870 Scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my body until my breast was one mass of corruption. Some of these Ulcers were not less than one and one half inches in diameter, the edges rough, ragged and seemingly dead, the cavity open to the bone and filled with offensive matter. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. Gradually the bone itself became diseased, and then the suffering began in earnest. Bone Ulcers began to take the place of those hitherto on the surface. I became a mere wreck. For months at a time could not get my hands to my head because of extreme soreness.
COULD NOT TURN IN BED.
Knew not what it was to be an hour even free from pain. Had reason to look upon life itself as a curse. In the summer of 1880, after ten years of this wretched existence, I began to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and all remedies of them the last ulcer was healed. The dread disease has succumbed. All over the breast where was once a mass of corruption is now a healthy skin. In a word, I has increased from one hundred and twenty-three to one hundred and and fifty-six pounds, and the good work is still going on. I feel myself a new man, and all through the CUTICURA Remedies.
H. R. RICHARDSON,
Custom House, New Orleans.
Sworn to before United States Commissioner,
J. D. CRAWFORD.
TO CLEANSE THE BLOOD
of scrofulous, inherited and Contagious Humors, and thus remove the most prolific cause of human suffering, to clear the skin of disfiguring bi tches, itching tortures, humiliating Eruptions and Loathsome Sores caused by impure or poisoned blood, to purify and beautify the skin, nothing restores like Hair to that in tr ment of disease remains CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, Diuretic and Aperient, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great skin Cures and Beautifiers, are infallible. They are the only remedies that succeed when physicians and all other means fail.
GREAT BLOOD MEDICINES.
The half has not been told as to the great curative powers of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have paid hundreds of dollars for your medicines. Cure of disease of the blood and skin, and never found anything yet to equal the CUTICURA REMEDIES.
CHAS. A. WILLIAMS.
Providence, R. I.
Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 15c., solid by druggists. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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COMPLETE TREATMENT, $1.
A single dose of Sanford's Radical Cure instantly relieves the most distressing of Head Colds, clears the head as by magic, stops watery discharge, or falling of the head, and cures Catarrh. Nothing known to the medical faculty equalled in vain. Gradually the bone itself became diseased, and then the suffering began in earnest. Bone Ulcers began to take the place of those hitherto on the surface. I became a mere wreck. For months at a time could not get my hands to my head because of extreme soreness.
Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents.
Manufactured only by the PROPRIETOR, Providence, R. I.
Use Sanford's Radical Cure Nasal Inhaler, All in one package, of all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

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For the relief and prevention, the instant it is applied, of Rheumat